GARNETS GHOST;

Addreſsing to the Jeſuits, met in private Caball, juſt after

THE

MURTHER

OF

Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey.

1679.

Written by the Author of the *Satyr againſt Virtue*, (not yet Printed.)

BY hell 'twas bravely done, what leſs then this;
What Sacrifice of meaner worth, and price;
Could we have offer'dup for our ſucceſs?
So fare all they who dare provoke our hate;
Who by like ways preſume to tempt their fate:
Fare each, like this bold medling fool, and be
As well ſlain'd, as well diſpatch'd as he.
Would he were here, yet warm, that we might drain
His reeking gore, and drink up every vein:
That were a glorious *Sanction*; much like thine,
Great Roman, made upon a like deſign.
Like thine? we ſcorn ſo mean a Sacrament,
To ſeal and conſecrate our high intent,
We ſcorn baſe blood ſhould our great league cement.
Thou didſt it with a *Slave*, but we think good
To bind our Treaſon with a bleeding God.
Would it were *His*; why ſhould I fear to name,
Or you to hear't? at which we nobly aim.
Lives yet that hated enemy of our cauſe?
Lives he our mighty projects to oppoſe?
Can his weak innocence, and heavens care,
Be thought ſecurity from what we dare,
Are ye then *Jeſuits*, are you ſo for nought?
In all the *Catholique depths* of *Treaſon* taught:
In *Orthodox*, and ſolid poyſoning read;
And each profounder Art of killing bred:
And can you fail or bungle in your trade?
Shall one poor life your cowardiſe upbraid?
Tame daſtard ſlaves, who your profeſſion ſhame,
And fix diſgrace on your great Founders name.
Think what late *Sectaries* (and ignoble crew,
Not worthy to be rank'd in ſin with you)
Inſpir'd with lofty wickedneſs durſt do.
How from his Throne, they hurl'd a Monarch down;
And bravely eas'd him of his life and Crown:
They ſcorn'd, in Covert, their bold Art to hide,
In open face of Heaven the work they did
And dar'd its vengeance, and its powers defy'd.
This is his *Son*, and *mortal* too like *Him*:
Durſt you uſurp the glory of the crime.
And dare ye not? I know you ſcorn to be,
By ſuch as they, outdone in villany:
(Your proper province) true, you uſ'd then on,
Were Engins in the fact: but they alone
Share all the Open credit and Renown.
But hold, I wrong our Church & cauſe, which need
No foreign Inſtance; nor what Others did.
Think on that matchleſs *Aſſaſſin*, whoſe name,
We with juſt pride can make our happy claim;
He who at killing of an *Emperour*,
To give his poyſon ſtronger force and power,
Mixt a *God* with't and made it work more ſure.
Bleſt memory, which ſhall through age to come
Stand ſacred in the liſts of *Hell* and *Rome*.
Let our great *Clement*, and *Ravillia's* name,
Your ſpirits to like height of ſin inflame.
Thoſe mighty ſouls, who each durſt bravely dye,
To have a Royal Ghoſt their company.
Heroick Art! and worth their tortures well;
Well worth the ſuffering of a double-hell:
That they felt here, and that below they feel:
And if theſe cannot move you as you ſhou'd,
Let me and my example fire your blood,
Think what I durſt attempt; a glorious deed,
Which durſt the fates have ſuffer'd to ſucceed,
Had Rivall'd hells moſt proud exploit and boaſt;
Ev'n that which would the King of fates depoſ'd.

Curst be that day, and nere in time enrold ;
And curst the star, whose spightfull influence rul'd,
The luckless minute which my project spoild.
What mean't that power, which of it self afraid,
My glory, with my brave design betray'd ?
Was't that he fear'd lest I who struck so high,
In guilt, should next blow up his Realm and sky ?
Or if that fail'd, at least I would have darst,
And missing had got off with Fame at worst.

Had you but half my daringness in sin,
Your work had never thus unfinish'd been :
Had I been Man, and the great Act to do,
H'ad dy'd by this, and been what I am Now ;
Or what his Father is ; I would leap hell
To reach his life, though in the midst I fell ;
And deeper then before.——

Let rabble souls, of narrow aim and reach ;
Stoop their vile necks, and dull Obedience preach.
Let them with slavish awe, disdain'd by me :
Adore the purple Rag of Majesty,
And think't a sacred Relick of the sky.

Well may such fools be subject to controul ;
To every scepter'd wretch that dares but rule :
Unlike the soul with which, proud I was born ;
Who could that sneaking thing, a *Monarch* scorn ;
Spurn off a Crown, and set my foot in sport,
Upon the head that wore it, trod in dirt.

But say, what i't that binds your hands ? does fear,
From such a glorious action, you deter ?
Or i't Religion ? but you sure disclaim
That frivolous pretence, that empty Name :
Meer bugbear word, devis'd by us to scare
The senceless rout to slavishness and fear,
Nere known to awe the brave and those that dare.

Such weak, and feeble things may serve for checks,
To reign and curb base mettl'd *Heretecks* :
Dull creatures, whose nice bogling consciences,
Startle, or strain at such like crimes as these.
Such whom fond inbred honesty befools ;
Or their old musty peice the Bible Gulls.

That hated book, the Bullwark of our foes,
Whereby they still uphold their totr'ring cause,
Let no such toys mislead you from the Road
Of glory, nor infect your souls with good,
Let never bold incroaching virtue dare,
With her grim holy face to enter there.
No, not in very dream, have only will
Like *fiends* and *me*, to *Act* and *covet Ill*.
Let true substantial wickedness take place,
Usurp, and reign, let it the very trace,
If any yet be left of good, deface.

If ever qualms of inward cowardice,
(The thing which some dull Sots call *Conscience*) rise,
Make them in streams of blood and slaughter drown,
Or with new weights of guilt still press them down.
Faith, shame, Religion, Honour, Loyalty,
Nature it self, what ever checks there be,
To loose and uncontroul'd Impiety,
Be all extinct in you ; own no remorse,
But that you've balk'd a sin ; have been no worse,
Or too much pity shew'd.———
Be diligent in mischiefs trade ; be each
Performing as a devil, nor stick to reach,
At crimes most dangerous, where bold despair,
And heedless blind Revenge, would never dare
To look : March you, without a blush or fear.
Enflam'd by all the hazards that oppose,
And firm as burning Martyrs to our cause,
Then you're true Jesuites then you're fit to be
Disciples of great *Loyola* and me :
Worthy to undertake, worthy a plot
Like this, and fit to scourge an *Hugenot*.
Plagues on that name, may swift confusion seize
And utterly blot out that cursed Race :
Thence damn'd be your Apostate Monk from whom
Sprung first these Enemies of *Us* and *Rome*.
Whose poysonous filth dropt from ingendring brain,
By monstrous birth did the vile Insects spawn ;
Which now infect each Countree, and defile
With their o'respreading swarms this goodly Isle,
Once it was ours, and subject to our yoke,
Till a late reigning witch the Enchantment broke.
It shall again, 'tis Hell and I decree,
If you but dare make good the prophecy,
Not fate it self shall hinder.——
Too sparing was the time, too milde the day,
When our great *Mary*, bore the English sway ;
Un-queen like pitty marr'd her Royall Power,
Nor was her purple dy'd enough in gore.
Four or five hundred, some such petty sum,
Might fall perhaps a sacrifice to *Rome :*
Scarce worth the naming ; Had I had the power
Or been thought fit to be her Councellor :
She should have raised it to a noble score.
Big Bonefires have blazed ; shone each day,
To tell our triumph, and make bright our way.
And when 'twas dark in every lane and street,
Thick flaming Hereticks should serve to light ;
And save the needless charge of Links by night.
Smithfield should still have kept a constant fire,
Which never should be quench'd, never expire ;
But with the Lives of all the miscreant rout,
Till the last gasping breath had blown it out.
So *Nero* did ; such was his prudent course
Us'd too by all his mighty predecessours,
To tame like Hereticks of old, by force.
They scorn'd dull reason, and pedantick Rules ;
To conquer, and reduce the hardned fools :
Racks, Gibbets, Halters, were their Arguments,
Which did most undeniably convince.
Gray bearded Lyons, manag'd the dispute,
And Reverend Bears their doctrines did confute :
And all who durst hold out in stiff defence,
They gently claw'd, and worry'd into sence.
Better then all our *Sorbon* dotards now,
Who would by dint of words our foes subdue.
Thi was the rigid Discipline of Old,
Which modern sots for Persecution hold.

Of

Of which dull *Annalists* in story tell
Strange Legends, and huge bulky volums swell
With Martyr'd fools, that lost their way to hell.
From these our Churches glorious Ancestors,
We've learnt our Arts, and made their methods ours.
Nor have we come behind the first degree,
In Arts of rough and manly Cruelty.
Converting faggots, and the powerful stake,
And sword resistless our Apostles make.
This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus
Were all the numerous proselites of *Huss*
Crusht with their head; so *Wald's* curled rout,
With those of *Wickliff* here were routed out:
Their names scarce left sure were the means we chose,
And wrought prevailingly; fire purg'd the dross
Of those foul hercsies, and sovereign steel
Lopt off the infected Limbs, the Church to heal.
Renown'd was that French brave, renown'd his deed;
A deed, for which the day deserves its Red;
Far more, then for a paltry S'aint that dy'd.
How goodly was the sight, how fine the show,
When *Paris* saw through all its Channels flow
The blood of *Huguenots*; when the full Sein
Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o'reran.
He scorn'd like Common Murtherers to deal
By parcels, and peice-meal; he scorn'd retail,
Th' trade of death; whole myriads dy'd by th' great,
Soon as one single life, so quick their fate,
Their very prayers and wishes came too late.
This a King did, and great and Mighty 'twas;
Worthy his high degree, and power and place,
And worthy our Religion and our Cause,
Unmatch'd 't had been, had not *Macquire* arose.
The bold *Macquire*; (who read in modern fame
Can be a stranger to his worth and name?)
Born to out-sin a Monarch; born to Reign
In guilt, and all competitors disdain.
Dread memory! whose each mention still can make
Pale *Hereticks* with trembling horror quake.
T'undoa Kingdome, to atchieve a Crime
Like his, who would not fail, and dye like him?
Never had *Rome* a nobler servi ed one;
Never had Hell, each day came thronging down
Vast shoals of Ghosts, and mine was pleas'd and glad,
And smil'd, when it the brave Revenge survey'd.
Nor do I mention these great Instances,
For bounds and limits to your wickedness.
Dare you, beyond, something out of the road
Of all example; where none yet have trod,
Nor shall hereafter: what mad *Catiline*
Durst never think nor's madder poet feign.
Make the poor bu fled pagan fool to own,
How far in gallant mischief overcome,
The old must yield to new and modern *Rome*.
Mix I'lls past, present, future in one Act,
One high, one brave, one great, one glorious fact:
Which hell and even I may envy.——
Such as that *Jove* himself may wish to be,
A complice in the mighty villany,
And barters Heaven, and vouchsafe to dye.

Nor let delay (the bain of enterprize)
Mar yours, or make the great importance miss.
This fact hath wak'd your Enemies, and their fear,
Let it be your vigour too. be swift to dare;
Hasten, and let your deeds forestall intent;
Forstall e'en wishes, ere they can take vent;
Nor give the fates the leisure to prevent.
Let the full clouds which a long time did wrap
Your gathering Thunder, now with sudden Clap,
Break out upon your foes; dash, and confound,
And scatter wide destruction all a round:
Let the sir'd Citty to your plot give light,
You ras'd it half before, now rase it quite:
Do't more effectually; I'd have it glow
In flames unquenchable as those below.
I'd see the miscreants with their houses burn,
And both together into Ashes turn.

Bend next your fury to the curst *Divan*;
That damn'd Committee, whom the fates ordain,
To all our well laid Plots to be the bane.
Unkennel those state foxes where they lye,
Working your speedy fate and destiny.
Lug by the ears the doting relates thence;
Dash Heresy together with their Brains
Out of their shattered heads lop off the Lords
And Commons at one stroke, and let your swords
Adjourn 'em all to th'other world.——

Would I were blest with flesh and blood again,
But to be Actor in that happy Scene:
Yet still I may be by; and glut my view,
Revenge shall take its fill, in state I'le go
With Captive Ghosts t'attend me down below.

Let these the handfells of your vengeance be,
Yet stop not here, nor flag in cruelty,
Kill like a Plague or Inquisition; spare
No age, degree, or sex: only to dare
To own a life; only a soul to wear.
Be crime enough to lose no time nor place,
Be sanctuary from your outrages.
Spare not in Churches, kneeling Priests at prayer;
The intercceding for you, slay e'en there:
Spare not young Infants smiling at the breast,
Who from relenting fools may mercy wrest.
Rip teeming wombs, tear out the hatred brood
From thence, and drown them in their mothers blood.
Pitty not Virgins, nor their tender eryes,
The postrate at your feet with melting eyes:
All drown'd in tears, strike home as 'twere in lust,
And force their hands to guide the fatal thrust.
Ravish at the Altar, kill when you have done;
Make them your Rapes and Victims too in one.
Nor let gray hoary hairs protection give
To Age, just crawling on the verge of life:
Snatch from his leaning hands their weak support,
And with it knock't into the Grave in sport.
Brain the poor Cripple with his crutch, then cry,
Yo've kindely rid him of his misery.

Scal

Seal up your ears to mercy; left their words
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your swords, (dare
(Their tongues too) down their throats; let them not
To mutter for their souls a gasping prayer,
But choak't in th' utterance, and stab it there.
'Twere witty handsome malice could you do't)
To make 'em dye, and make 'em damn'd, to boot.
Make children, by one fate with Parents dye,
Kill in revenge, the next posterity:
You'l so be pester'd with no Orphans cry,
No Childless Mothers curse your Memory.
Make death and desolation swim in blood,
Throughout the Land, with nought to stop the flood
But slaughter'd Carcasses, till the whole Isle
Become one Tomb, become one Funeral *Pile*.
Till such vast numbers swell the countless sum,
That the wide grave, and wider hell want room,
Great was that tyrants wish, which should be mine,
Did I not scorn the leavings of a sin.
Freely I would bestow't on *England* now,
That the whole Nation with one neck might grow,
To be stic'd off, and you to give the blow.
What never *Saxon rage* could ere inflict,
Nor *Danes* more savage, nor the *barbrous Pict*;
What *Spain*, nor *Eighty eight* could ere devise,
With all its fleet, and fraught of cruelties:
What *Medina* nere *wisht*, much less could *dare*,
And *bloodier Alva* would with trembling hear;
What may outdo all prodigies of old,
And make their milder cruelties untold:
What Heavens Judgments, nor the angry stars,
Forreign Invasions, nor Domestick wars;
Plague, Fire nor Famine could effect or do;
All this, and more, be dar'd and done by you.
But why do I with id'ler talk delay,
Your hands, and while they should be acting stay?
Farewell.——

If I may waft a prayer for your success.
Hell be your aid, and your high projects bless.
May that vile wretch, if any here they be,
That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity;
If any dare feel pity or remorse,
May he feel all I've bid you act, and worse:
May he by rage of foes unpittied fall,
And they tread out his hated Soul to hell,
May's name and carcasse rot, expos'd alike to be,
An everlasting mark of grinning Infamy.

FINIS.